SOMA ISN'T A METAPHOR

ON INTOXICATION, BODY, AND STRUGGLE

D. Khalsa

***the following pages contain images of different mind-altering substances and paraphernalia as well as allusions to assault**

"You want anything for the pain?"

My legs are in stirrups
They insist on putting
Clean white cloth over me.

And I imagine there's reverence there
Because when the doctor sticks a finger
In without warning,
I have two choices:

To believe that I am holy
And sweet humans
At times, we forget grace.

Or to believe that my twig ass
Can be snapped.
Not to trust that torn flesh grows back.

Son

Brown men don't love me.
Through the burn of my father's brandy
I could love myself.

Brown men wanted me.
We drank in dingy living rooms
After long-ass shifts
And we could hang if I spread my legs.

we
surrender to no man and no god
just to the blue pill.
Or to the one that pays our bills.
Isn't money sexy?

Brown men are sexy.
Let me be your son. Just buy me booze-
Do bumps off my ass-
Take it out on me when the money
doesn't love on you.

Let me into your trance.
Save me from learning to love brown men.

FUCK SCHOOL

...they tell me what it means to truly be an equitable educator and i know they're wrong because i FEEL the doublespeak in my chest like an equitable prison is still a prison and i know if i read you the manual then i'll grow a snout and a curly pink tail or even worse you'll follow my instructions and it'll pull You away from the Struggle but i know You and the Struggle need each other... oh well, i guess we all find our way back one way or another... where was i... oh yes please bring your attention to the rubric on page three. I will be using the rubric to evaluate you... it’s nothing personal it’s just high quality instruction...

Tranny tries and fails to take over men's spaces

I heard about a men's AA meeting, one not by and for Whites. When I went, the church gate was closed - God's demand that I fight my way into my strength, her revelation that brotherhood is no shortcut and silent presence isn’t brotherhood.

Or maybe the meeting was canceled for snow.

Sober Soldier

Unsettle,

Unsettle,

Unsettle,

Unsettle

Until one day you tie yourself down in protest. And you are lifted so easily. Sunset-grey pebbles shake off you. A brick that can't stay put is a poor revolutionary tool.

Sit your ass

Down. Settle,

Settle. Make

A cop bleed :)

Soul Meets Body

The first time, I quit because I had become more leech than friend. That's just what happens when you have access to drugs before love.

The second time, I quit because I learned: when the world wanted to fracture my being, it wasn't my job to help.

The third time, I quit because I learned: when the world wanted to fracture my being, it wasn't my job to help.

The fourth time, I saw it coming so I prepared myself. I crawled out of my skin and I folded it up. I told myself, you can come back inside,

"whenever you're ready,
whenever you're ready,
whenever you're ready."

A few months later, my eyes swam behind aquarium glass as Sal swayed through the ocean called grief and I realized it doesn't matter if I'm ready.

I need my Skin like I need my Friends like I need my Self.

Thank you for reading this project by someone returning back to the Self after a long break.

Ownership of your mind is the most important thing in a world that is invested in your numbness and your complacency. Faggots need to own our minds, Black and brown people need to own our minds, disabled people need to own our minds. If you're not ready to fight back against those who punish you for existing, GET yourself ready!!

On accessibility: If you had trouble reading due to the background images, email me (d.khalsa.writes@proton.me) and I will send you a plain pdf.

On finding people who want you to be well:

chicagoaa.org, trans lifeline (877-565-8860), blackline (800-604-5841) – find affinity groups and talk to people (talk to people scared if you have to).